

The Wheat Surplus Problem

With the approach of another season of seeding, farmers of Western Canada are facing a serious problem, perhaps one of the most serious problems they have ever had to face since the plow was first put into the virgin soil of the prairies. It can be summed up in a single question: "How many acres shall I seed to wheat this spring?"

The question is not a new one. It crops up every season and each time it has to be faced, it has to be considered and reconsidered in the light of so many unknown factors, that it is always a difficult question to answer. This year it is fraught with even greater complexities, due to a very large surplus accumulated and at present undisposible and other factors attributable to the exigencies of a state of war.

One of the greatest of these imponderables, of course, is the duration of the war. How long is the power of occult vision and could peer into the future, one of these unknowns could be translated into the known, but unfortunately this cannot be done. Even if the answer to that question could be determined with any degree of certitude, there would still remain unanswered: What demand will there be for this accumulating mound of bread grains among the liberated nations in Europe when they have been released from bondage? That, too must go unanswered for the present.

It is the duty and the function of the Western Canadian farmer, as his contribution towards the war effort to provide enough wheat to feed the end. But the bomb, having smashed its way down to the engine room, lay silent, grim, menacing. It did not explode.

Nobody aboard knew how to remove the fuse. Nobody knew what minute, what second, the deadly thing might tear the ship to splinters. And for two days the ship raced for Glasgow, the passengers standing by the lifeboats, the engineers nursing their mighty engines with instant death at their elbows. None knew at what second a time fuse, or some jar or concussion might bring the explosion. For two days passengers and crew lived intimately with death.

Then Glasgow was sighted, and experts came hurrying out to render the bomb harmless. Only a matter touch in the telling is needed to make this real episode take rank with all fictional episodes of the sea.—Nea service.

Pacing Alternatives

While prudence seems to demand wheat seeding on smaller scale, the farmer is haunted by the possibility that the war might collapse suddenly and that what now seems a tremendous surplus might melt like snow under a hot summer sun to feed a hungry Europe.

On the other hand, if the war is protracted, and some of the highest authorities, including Winston Churchill, predict several more years of conflict, the wisdom of continuing to pile surplus upon surplus is open to question.

Apparently the great majority of the people of this country, including the farmers themselves are willing to accept the prediction of a lengthy war, and, so far, events in the theatre of war point that way at present, and there is a general feeling that the time has arrived when the brakes should be put upon wheat production, in moderation. The farmers themselves, as a body, appear to have come to this conclusion.

Assuming that there is general accord on the premise that a reduction in wheat acreage is advisable, the farmer is not faced with the question: How is it going to be achieved and what shall be done with the idle acreage?

The farmers, and their organizations without exception, have decided that there must be no compulsion in the matter. They have stated unanimously that wheat acreage shall not be reduced by government decree. In other words, by so doing, they have stated, in effect, that it is a problem which must be decided by the individual farmer for himself. This means, of course, that there will be no uniformity of plan. One farmer may reduce his wheat acreage 5 or 10 per cent, another may reduce it 50 or more per cent. The only alternative would be for the farmers to come to an agreement among themselves, through their own organizations on a general percentage reduction, but it is doubtful whether that would be practicable.

Other Considerations

However, when the individual farmer has decided to what extent he shall reduce his wheat acreage, he is faced with the question of the manner in which the excess acreage shall be utilized. Shall it be seeded to other cereal crops, shall a larger percentage of the farm be summer-fallowed, shall some of it be seeded to forage crops or grass for pasturage, or some of all of these purposes? Here, again, the problem can only be solved by the individual farmer who must necessarily be guided by his own circumstances and conditions, depending upon the uses to which he can put such crops, the suitability of the soil, the availability of seed, the disposition of the product, the possibility of fitting them in with the existing condition of the farm and many other factors.

A useful lead in this direction was given recently by the Saskatchewan minister of agriculture when he pointed out that a dangerous condition exists in the agriculture of that province, stating that along with increased wheat acreage, there has been a marked increase in livestock production but a substantial diminution in provision for feed, and declared that with another year of drought farmers would face famine for their livestock and families for their families. He pointed to the importance of every farmer who raises livestock, having a year's supply of feed in reserve as an insurance policy against such a contingency. For many farmers in all three prairie provinces such a program would enable some reduction to be made in wheat acreage and at the same time would be a wise precaution.

Gardens in England

In Spite Of War People Still Will Have Their Flowers

A Central Ontario bulb grower has received an order from England for a large quantity of gladioli. It was for 75 varieties in lots of hundreds and thousands, and the recipient of the order had to call on dozens of growers in the district to help fill it.

The head of the English firm sending the order appended this paragraph: "Although bombs may be spoiling our homes, we still are busy with our gardens. We are still carrying on. There will always be an England, and a floral one as well."

People who can think of gladioli when bombs are nightly visitors have to be admired. The Ontario growers—some of them from The Netherlands—say they are proud to be able to fill this order.—Ottawa Journal.

One species of fish makes its home inside the body of another marine animal, the sea cucumber.

There are about 25 species, including 350 varieties, of woodpeckers in the United States.

Nervous Restless Girls!

Cranky? Restless? Can't sleep? Tired easily? Anxious for female functional disorders and monthly distress? Then take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, famous for over 60 years in helping such run-down, weak, nervous conditions. Made especially for women. WELL WORTH TRYING!

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Slow Burning
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Amazing Episode

Real Story That Ranks With Fictional Epics Of The Sea

All the sea stories of Melville, Conrad and McEwan together contain no more amazing episode than that of the Windsor Castle.

Last November, according to one of her passengers, the Windsor Castle, two days out of Glasgow, was attacked by Nazi bombers. There was a direct hit with a 500-pound bomb, which crashed down through her super-structure. For awful seconds the passengers were for the end. But the bomb, having smashed its way down to the engine room, lay silent, grim, menacing. It did not explode.

Nobody aboard knew how to remove the fuse. Nobody knew what minute, what second, the deadly thing might tear the ship to splinters. And for two days the ship raced for Glasgow, the passengers standing by the lifeboats, the engineers nursing their mighty engines with instant death at their elbows. None knew at what second a time fuse, or some jar or concussion might bring the explosion. For two days passengers and crew lived intimately with death.

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Warble Flies

The Campaign Against These Pests Is Under Way

The farmers of Western Canada have suffered great losses through Warble Flies and these losses could be reduced or eliminated very easily by the use of Warble Fly Powder. The Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture through the Livestock Branch is putting on a campaign to reduce these losses. This campaign requires the co-operation of the owners and the municipal authorities.

The great and needless loss that the Warble grub causes to cattle hides can only be appreciated by those stockmen who actually visit tanneries and leather warehouses and inspect the hides. The best of the hide, that is, the section along the back, is ruined, and consequently cattle buyers pay from two to five dollars per head less for cattle affected with Warbles than for equally good cattle free from Warbles. The loss to Saskatchewan farmers is at least one-quarter of a million dollars per year, and probably a half million.

Besides the loss through the hide, there is also the discomfort and pain caused to Warble infested cattle. Cattle so infested with Warbles lose weight, so that there is considerable loss from this point alone.

There are two flies that cause Warbles. The Warble Fly proper and the Heel Fly. The Heel Fly darts repeatedly at the cattle and lays a single egg each time it strikes, but the proper Warble Fly settles on the animal and lays a string of eggs along a single hair. Full particulars regarding these pests can be obtained by writing to the Livestock Branch, Regina, Sask. Cattle are so terrified of the Heel Flies that they lose a lot of flesh, and are less thrifty when Heel Flies attack them.

Prevention is very simple. It consists of using a standard Warble Fly Powder, which contains Rotenone Derris root, and washing the backs of the animals at three or four week intervals during the spring months. Applications can be made with a cloth or brush. If warbles are destroyed before they leave the animal's back it follows that there will be no adult flies the following season to again infect the cattle. As these flies do not travel far, a farmer can largely reduce the infection of his own herd, even if other farmers pay no attention to the control of warbles, but it is very much better for an entire district to treat all of the cattle contained therein.

The Department is prepared to sell Warble Fly Powder at a greatly reduced price to rural municipalities and absorb the loss between the standard price and the special price. Municipalities are invited to place their order with the Department and resell powder to all ratepayers at a cost of approximately one cent per head for three treatments. If farmers of this province will purchase this powder and go to a little trouble they can save many thousands of dollars for the cattle industry and proportionate amount for themselves.

The first treatment should be given during the month of March, the second in April, and the third in May, so cattle owners are urged to get in touch with their municipal authorities and secure this powder at once. Further particulars can be secured by writing to the Livestock Branch of the Department of Agriculture.

A rich man must hire a valet, a laundress, a cook, a secretary and a housekeeper—but the poor man just gets married.

Kangaroos are protected by law in Australia. Their hides are in great demand. 2403

Establish Training Centres

New System Of Training For The Canadian Army

Defence Minister Ralston gave an outline of the new system of training schools for the Canadian army in the House of Commons.

It embraces 58 instructional schools and involves the consolidation of the reserve and active army training centres which formerly operated separately. The reserve army training centres, 39 in number, were set up when compulsory training was introduced last summer.

He summarized active training centres as follows:

Artillery 4, engineers 2, signals 1, armored corps 2, infantry 7, machine guns 2, army service corps 2, ordnance corps 1 and army medical corps 1.

"This tabulation shows a total of 22 advanced training centres," said Col. Ralston. "Then, in addition to that there is a unit area training centre, two officers training centres, 29 basic centres and two others, making a total of 34 basic training centres, which, added to the 22 active training centres makes a total of 56. Then, there are two instructional schools, making 58 in all."

The minister said the training centres included Winnipeg, an advanced artillery training centre; Brandon, an artillery training centre; Dundurn, Sask., engineers; Winnipeg, infantry training centre; Calgary, infantry training centre; Dundurn, machine gun training centre.

Red Deer, Alta., army service corps training centre; Nanaimo, B.C., small arms school training centre; Victoria, officers training centre.

Col. Ralston said these were advanced training centres. There were also two training centres for coast defence and anti-aircraft, and there will be officers training centres for Canada.

He listed the following among basic or elementary training centres: Portage la Prairie, Fort William, Vernon, Regina, Camrose, Grand Prairie.

More than 30,000 Canadians have enrolled for training which will make more valuable their contribution to the Dominion war effort, Ottawa officials revealed.

At vocational schools throughout the Dominion men, and some women, are receiving training in trades in accordance with the requirements of industry. Their instruction is given under the Dominion-provincial war emergency training program at 75 centres.

Would Join British Empire

Former Belgian Official Thinks His Country Should Be In Commonwealth

Camille Huymans, former speaker of the Belgian chamber of deputies, has recommended that Belgium ask to be admitted to the British Commonwealth of Nations.

Huymans, chairman of the Labor and Socialist international, said "in unity, and only in unity, will be found the strength to keep the aggressor permanently at bay."

"Belgium should ask to be admitted to the British Commonwealth, and I know that there are statesmen of other smaller European nations who are thinking similarly."

Using Traffic Lanes

How U.S. Officials Think Nazi U-Boats Will Operate

Predicting the pattern of Germany's spring sea offensive against British shipping, authorities at Washington said that each one of the scores of submarines employed probably would be assigned "lane wolf" roles within neighboring but distinct areas of the sea.

They expressed belief that the tactics now employed by the Germans, and destined to be used with increasing force when the weather improves, follow this outline:

The sea around Britain is divided by the German navy's high command into "traffic lanes," each a mile to five miles wide and paralleling one another.

Each "lane" is then divided into sections, and each section assigned to a certain submarine.

Within its allotted territory, each submarine is free to operate more or less independently.

When a large enemy convoy approaches, the first U-boat to detect it does not attack the leading ship but waits until a number of vessels are strung across neighboring submarine lanes.

Then several of the submarines attack different ships simultaneously. Estimates place the number of German U-boats in service last month at 120. An additional 180 were believed under construction.

Donations Have Been Liberal

Lord Beaverbrook, minister of aircraft production, announced gifts for the purchase of airplanes now exceed £10,000,000 (\$45,000,000). It was announced that after March 31 it is proposed to devote 10 per cent of the money sent in to benevolent funds of service charities of three fighting services and the merchant navy.



BUTTERMILK BRAN PAN BREAD IS POPULAR FOR LATE BREAKFAST OR SUNDAY SUPPER PARTY

2 tablespoons shortening 1 cup buttermilk
1/2 cup sugar 1 1/2 cups flour
1 egg 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup oil-bran 2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon soda

Blend shortening and sugar thoroughly; add egg and beat until creamy. Add oil-bran and buttermilk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt, baking powder and soda, and add to first mixture stirring until flour disappears. Pour into greased pan and bake in moderately hot oven (425 degrees F.) about 20 minutes. Cut into squares and serve while hot.

Yield: Nine 3-inch squares (9 x 3-inch pan).
Note: Raisins may be added; use 1/2 cup raisins to each cup flour.

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When Colds Go Down

Get After Distress Improved Vicks VapoRub

If a cold has "gone down," causing coughing, sneezing, or irritation in upper bronchial tubes, use what a "VapoRub Massage" can do for you!

With this more thorough treatment, the powerful and vapor action of Vicks VapoRub more effectively penetrates irritated passages with soothing medicinal vapors... STIMULATES chest and back like a warming position or plaster... STRENGTHENS misery right away! Results delight even old friends of VapoRub.

TO GET A "VapoRub Massage" with all its benefits—massage VapoRub for 3 minutes on IMPORTANT RUB-AREA OF BACK as well as throat and chest—spread a thick layer on chest, cover with a warm towel and RUB to use genuine, time-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

AGENT IN SABOTAGE

BY CRAIG RICE

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CHAPTER XI

The interior of the Bristow plant seemed very different by night, with only a few dim lights burning here and there. Great frightening shadows loomed in the semi-darkness, every corner seemed filled with new horrors.

Nancy Thorne picked her way carefully to the platform where the trucks were loaded, doing her best to make no sound. A plan was forming rapidly in her mind. Iris Bristow might be unable to get in touch with her father, with anyone who could help. Hugo Blake would then be able to carry out his scheme unimpeded. It was true that there would be other opportunities to catch him at his work, but Nancy Thorne did not intend to let this one get away.

She still had no idea what Hugo Blake intended to do. Something that would not be detected, not until it was too late. She had to find out what it was, even if she had to do it alone.

Once or twice she paused, listening. There was not one sound in the building except the beating of her own heart.

A little flight of steps ran down to the yard and the loading platform. She went down it quickly and quietly, praying that the door at the bottom might be unlocked. It was. She pushed it open slowly, looking cautiously into the yard.

One of the enormous trucks of the John Bristow Company stood backed up to the platform. Two men, one of them Hugo Blake, stood by the cab of the truck, two others were engaged in carrying a crate onto the platform preparatory to storing it in the truck. One electric light above the door behind the platform cast a faint, yellowish eerie glow over the scene.

Nancy slipped out the door and closed it behind her without a sound. Then, keeping in the shadow of the platform, she crept along as close as she dared, staying in the protection of the darkness until she could hear what Hugo Blake was saying.

The two men on the platform had disappeared into the building. Hugo glanced up as though to make sure they were gone, and spoke in a low voice, as though he were continuing something that had been interrupted before.

"The important thing is that no one suspects there's anything wrong about the load. It's got to be received as okay."

He paused to light a cigarette, and the glare of the match illuminated his thick-lensed glasses, and the heavy-jowled swarthy face of his

companion. Nancy recognized his companion's face, she had seen him around the plant many times. It would be easy to find out his name.

"There won't be any trouble about the regular drivers," Blake shook his head. "Not a bit. If it were known I drove the truck on his run he'd have more explaining to do than I would."

"But if he should find out why you wanted to take the run—"

"No chance. Nothing will ever be known about it. The load will be delivered, checked in, and put to use," Blake laughed. "The truck will come back here. No one will know that anything was out of the ordinary."

"No one but me," Nancy thought. The two men were silent again while another crate was carried out from the plant.

"You're sure these are the right ones," the swarthy man said.

"Positive," Hugo said. "My little girl in the office got the report on the shipment."

"Is she trustworthy?"

"Of a better," Hugo said coldly.

Nancy shivered uncomfortably.

He added after a moment, "She'll have to be, whether she wants to or not. I fixed that. She's been doing typing for me in her spare time, copying confidential material lifted from the office files. If anyone found out about that she'd be in more trouble than she could ever make for me." He laughed unpleasantly. "I didn't need copies of the reports she typed. But I did need the proof that she'd done the typing. You don't need to worry about her."

Nancy's blood ran cold. That first work she had been given by Hugo Blake—work she'd accepted so enthusiastically, considering it such a stroke of luck—it had been given her just to incriminate her, to give him a hold over her.

One last crate was loaded onto the truck and securely fastened. Then the great metal doors were shut with a sound like the clanging of a bell.

Tom's car! She remembered it, parked around the corner. And Tom rarely locked the ignition—she hoped against hope that he hadn't locked it this time.

Hugo Blake climbed into the cab, she heard the roar of the motor starting. Quickly and quietly as a cat she ran back through the darkened building, down the stairs from the office, past the old watchman and out through the yard.

Tom's car was still there, the street was otherwise deserted. Nancy Thorne slid into the driver's seat, found the ignition unlocked and started the motor, and sat waiting for the great truck to appear.

In a moment she saw it, turning out into the street. She waited until it had gone past and then turned around it, keeping a safe distance behind.

After a half-hour of driving they were out on the highway. It was harder to follow the truck now without arousing the suspicion of its driver. She kept just close enough to keep its tail lights in sight.

What was Blake going to do? Those dies made in the Bristow plant were undoubtedly correct, according to specifications. Somehow between there and their destination some change was to be made. But what? That was what she had to find out.

An hour passed. Where was the truck going? Detroit, she remembered its its ultimate destination. But there was to be some stop on the way.

Suddenly the truck turned off the main highway, onto a side road. She followed it as close as she dared. The truck made another turn, and another, going at last up a little narrow country road. She drove on past the road, went for a half-mile and stopped. Finally she turned around, switched off the headlights, and drove slowly back where the truck had turned off.

Near the entrance to the road she stopped. Up the road a ways she could see the truck, its great dark bulk all but hidden in the trees. After a moment's indecision she drove Tom's roadster off onto the side of the road, climbed out, crawled under a fence and began creeping slowly up through the field.

The trick now, she told herself, was to get as close as she dared until she could tell what was going on. Then back to the roadster, drive away quick, and stop at the nearest filling station, telephone for help. That she would be safe once she was back in the roadster, she had no doubt. Those big trucks weren't built for speed, and the roadster was.

There was a hedge along the road that hid her from sight. She crept up behind it cautiously, out over branches, until she was directly opposite the truck. Then she peered carefully through the hedge.

There were two trucks standing there, one the Bristow truck, the other a strange one, a little smaller. There were voices in the distance, Hugo Blake's and others, unknown to her.

"...went off very smoothly," Hugo was saying. "We managed it so the important crates are near the door. That way we won't have to unload the whole truck."

"Fine," a voice said. "It'll save time, and time's important. It might look suspicious if you were late."

Another voice said gruffly, "Well, let's not stand here talking all night, let's get at those crates."

Nancy crept as close to the hedge as she dared, close enough to see what was being done. She could see what was happening. The larger crates were being taken off the Bristow truck and others, exactly the same, were being loaded on in their place.

So that was it! The dies from the Bristow plant were to be exchanged for others, probably made somewhere else. That was what she needed to know.

If she could only get a close enough look at those other men to be able to identify them!

A new sound made her turn around. A siren.

She looked back toward the road. The headlights of a police car were speeding toward them. Then help was coming. But the police car stopped, at the exact place where she had left the roadster.

Suddenly she understood. Tom, finding his car gone, must have reported it stolen. The usual call had gone out over the police radio, and she had been traced. The police had found the car and were investigating it now, with no idea of what was going on a little farther up the road.

The irony of it forced a bitter smile to her lips. Still, since the police were here, it didn't matter now what had brought them.

The men by the truck had stopped what they were doing and were staring in the direction of the police car. Sudden terror at the thought of discovery swept over them. She began running toward the police car, trying to keep in the shelter of the hedge, stumbling over stones and brambles as she went.

There was a muffled exclamation behind her and she realized she had been seen. Footsteps, running footsteps, were behind her now. She ran faster, desperately, gasping for breath. Ahead of her, only a little way, was the police car and safety.

It was like running through a nightmare. She tried to draw one last breath to scream. In the same instant rough hands grasped at her arms, and she struggled for an instant to keep from falling.

"So! You're the one!"

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"So! You're the one!"

THROAT SORE?

For common ordinary sore throat

JUST RUB ON MINARD'S

13 LINIMENT

She turned to see the rage-distorted face of Hugo Blake.

(To Be Continued)

New Type Barrage Balloon

Has Lethal Wires And Can Fly At Higher Altitudes

Col. J. L. Llewellyn, parliamentary secretary to the ministry of aircraft production, told the British House of Commons that a new type of barrage balloon has been developed with "lethal" wires attached. He said the balloon would fly higher than previous types.

"We believe in keeping the balloons lethal so that if an airplane hits them the almost inevitable probability is that it will be brought to ground," Col. Llewellyn said.

Maj. Victor Cassel, Conservative, asked if research was proceeding with the possibility of flying balloons at even greater height. He said that in France some had flown to the height of 20,000 feet.

Col. Llewellyn said these French balloons only went to 15,000 feet, which is higher than those at present down over London, but the French balloon was not lethal.

Canada's Oil Reserve

World's Largest Known Oil Deposit Lies In Northern Alberta

Canadians generally do not realize the Dominion possesses the greatest oil reserve in the world, Max Ball of Edmonton said in an address before the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, Montreal.

"The world's largest known oil deposit lies in northern Alberta, and the famous so-called 'tar sands' of the Athabasca region contain several times as much oil as all the other proved reserves of the world," said Ball, president of the Athabasca Oil Ltd., of Edmonton.

Herman Goering claims to be descended from the Plantagenet line of English kings. But then, most family trees have a few rotten branches that should be pruned off.

In England, books about World War I are still being published at the rate of 500 a year.

CHEMISTRY HELPS TO TRAIN CANADA'S STUDENT BOMBERS

By C. P. C. Downman, Editor C-I-L Oval

Canadians, who have always ranked high among the Empire's marksmen, are now learning a new kind of marksmanship. Day after day, from aeroplanes which drone steadily across the skies high over Lake Erie's north shore, student bombers drop practice bombs with increasing accuracy on floating and stationary targets. As pupils at the Dominion's largest bombing and gunnery school are finding out how to keep their eyes on the target while travelling at nearly 250 miles an hour.

Air bombing is a scientific occupation requiring a knowledge of mathematics, steady nerves, quick thinking and capable hands. At the Jarvis School on Lake Erie, Number 1 of several bombing and gunnery schools to be established under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, nearly 100 training planes are in constant action and the administrative, instructional and maintenance staff consists of 500 men, mostly R.C.A.F. personnel.

Before going to Jarvis the student flyers have gone through most of the other training courses, passing rigid tests and accumulating considerable knowledge of flying before they enter this final stage.

Air pilots spend the last two weeks of their training period at Jarvis learning to guide their aircraft into target positions. Finally before being ready for active service, the student is supplied with racks of practice bombs and sent over targets on land and water.

Chemistry, which enters in many ways into the making of aircraft, also makes an important contribution to bomber training.

On contact with the ground or water the striker is depressed, setting off the detonator, a small charge of explosive which blows off the tail of the bomb and frees the chemical charge. Contact of these acids with atmosphere or water causes a puff of white smoke by which the bomb aimer, thousands of feet above, may judge the accuracy of his aim.

Neither expensive nor destructive, these miniature bombs reveal to students and instructors the degree of accuracy in aerial marksmanship attained. The white puffs of smoke rising from the waters and shores surrounding Canadian bomber schools portray the skill of Canada's young marksmen of the air.

Photo H. C. A. P.

training through the small practice bombs used in these final exercises. Practice bombs weigh eleven-and-a-half pounds each, compared to the 500 to 2,000-pound projectiles used in actual warfare, and are the inexpensive but accurate "target ammunition" of the air bomber.

All parts of the practice bomb are made in Canada, including the charge, a product of the explosives chemist. On ground targets, bombs charged with stannic chloride are used, for water targets titanium tetrachloride is used. Through a hole bored in the solid nose a striker is inserted while spring-loaded safety pins are thrust through small transverse holes to guard against accidental discharge of the bomb. The bomb rack beneath the aeroplane holds the safety pins firmly until the bomb is released and then the pins are automatically withdrawn.

On contact with the ground or water the striker is depressed, setting off the detonator, a small charge of explosive which blows off the tail of the bomb and frees the chemical charge. Contact of these acids with atmosphere or water causes a puff of white smoke by which the bomb aimer, thousands of feet above, may judge the accuracy of his aim.

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Photo H. C. A. P.

The Cheshire Cheese

Damage Caused By Fire Will Take Months To Repair

The following is part of a London letter to the Hamilton, Ont., Spectator: Thousands of Canadian visitors to London have visited and perhaps lunched at the Cheshire Cheese, the ancient inn of Fleet street. It has been burned out. But not this time by the Nazi. It had an ordinary accidental fire devoid of all "blitz" association. It was burned out in the Great Fire of London in 1666; it escaped in the second great fire of 1940, only a bomb slightly damaging the top story. Now it will be some months before it can be re-stored and put into use again.

Newspapermen frequented it in numbers, except when, during the tourist season, they were elbowed out by curious visitors who wanted to see the chair in which, so Dr. Samuel Johnson thought, Shakespeare sat, and also the visitors' book. The parrot, successor to a more famous bird, was rescued after the fire from the cellar where he had, like most other Londoners, gone for shelter.

He whistled, rather than swears, as his predecessors used to do.

"The Cheese," as Fleet street called it, retained all its ancient character. It had high-backed box pews, sawdust on the floor, long churchwarden pipes, electric lighting that looked like anything but what it really was, and a notice over the centuries-old doorway reading: "Customers are requested to mind the step which is part of the antiquity of the House and shows use for centuries by frequenters."

GEMS OF THOUGHT

BOOKS

Books are standing counsellors and preachers, always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.—Chambers.

The colleges, while they provide us with libraries, furnish no professors of books; and I think no chair is so much needed.—Emerson.

Be as careful of the books you read, as of the company you keep; for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as by the latter.—Feston Hood.

The book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that.—James McCoach.

The Bible is the learned man's masterpiece, the ignorant man's dictionary, the wise man's directory.—Mary Baker Eddy.

No book can be so good as to be profitable when negligently read.—Seneca.

Wanted To Know Answer

Partially Solved Crossword Puzzle Worried British War Workers

Four war production workers in Welford, Staffordshire, England, asked the Cincinnati Enquirer for the correct answer to a crossword puzzle published in its edition of last Sept. 8.

The Britons found the paper packed around a machinery shipment from Cincinnati.

"We have endeavored to solve the puzzle during those short periods from time to time when it is deemed advisable to adjourn from our labors," they wrote, enclosing the partially worked puzzle.

"If it be possible we should be glad to learn just what 'meat' is roasted on a skewer and why?"

The Enquirer's solution to the puzzle showed that "meat roasted on a skewer" is kabob, also known as city chicken.

Russia's Farms Mechanized

Russia claims that its farms are rapidly becoming mechanized. A Moscow report says that more than 500,000 tractors, nearly 170,000 harvesters, combines and 200,000 trucks are operated on the fields of the Soviet. Their total capacity is 27,000,000 horsepower.

Would Be Some Melon



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HIGHLIGHTS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GREAT SPEECH SATURDAY, MARCH 15th



"There is no longer the slightest question or doubt, that the American people recognize the extreme seriousness of the present situation. That is why they have demanded, and got, a policy of unqualified, immediate, all out aid for Britain, Greece, China and all for the governments in exile whose homelands are temporarily occupied by the aggressors.

"From now on that aid will be increased—and yet again increased—until total victory has been won." British morale is now "stronger than ever," the president said. The British people are "braced for invasion whenever the attempt may come—tomorrow—next week—next month." In Winston Churchill they are "blessed with a brilliant and great leader." But the essence of their morale is that "one essential fact" is completely clear in the minds of the masses of the British people. This is that "they would rather die as free men than live as slaves."

These "plain people," civilians and soldiers alike, Mr. Roosevelt said, are "fighting in the front line of civilization" and holding that line with a fortitude which will forever be the pride and inspiration of all free men everywhere. But, he added:

"The British people and their Greek allies need ships. From America they will get ships.

"They need planes. From America they will get planes.

"They need food. From America they will get food.

"They need tanks and guns and ammunition and supplies of all kinds. From America they will get tanks and guns and ammunition and supplies of all kinds.

"China likewise expressed the magnificent will of millions of plain people to resist the dismemberment of their nation. China through Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-Shek, asks our help.

"Our country is going to be what our people have proclaimed it must be—the arsenal of democracy.

"Our country is going to play its full part.

The World of Wheat

H. G. L. Strange

A ray of unusually clear and logical thinking about the international wheat industry recently illumined the minds of the people of Winnipeg. Dr. Joseph S. Davis, Director of the famous Food Research Institute of California, and who is a renowned authority on the marketing of wheat, made a series of addresses. Dr. Davis put forth the following views, which, I for one believe, should be most seriously pondered over by our wheat growers and by all Canadians.

(1) That it is an advantage to have large reserves of wheat during the course of the war.

(2) That the future of the Canadian wheat industry will depend upon the kind of peace that will be made.

(3) That there is no hope for any betterment of conditions, or for increased sales either by governmental "planning" or by international wheat marketing agreements.

(4) That the true hope for wheat growers is in the lowering of tariffs and in the removal of restrictions, quotas and agreements which have strangled international trade; all open the way to freer world trade, and so to increased world consumption of bread.

(5) That the two last decades of "Nationalism," "Self-Sufficiency" and "Planned (Mis-)Management" and of the restriction of foreign imports, will be regarded as a crazy interlude in the economic progress of mankind.

When preparing bread crumbs for scalloped dishes, croquettes, etc., the cloth or paper bag over the mouth of the meat grinder and put the bread in. The crumbs will then be deposited in the bag instead of on the floor.

When plates or dishes are burned after baking they can be easily cleaned by rubbing them with a cloth dipped in salt.

LOCALS

Mr. E. E. Sharkey visited relatives in Edmonton last week end and took in the farewell party for his son Ed.

A number of people are again suffering from bad colds but the measles seem to have run their course for this winter.

Mrs. R. S. Lison of Jarrow has been confined to the Wainwright Hospital from an attack of pneumonia.

Mr. Foxwell appears to be gradually recovering from his recent illness. At the time of writing he was still in the Wainwright Hospital.

A Wabasso demonstration will be held in Hedleys hall on April 2nd to 5th.

The hockey club dance advertised for March 17th and postponed to the 18th was called off on account of bad roads.

The C.C.F. are sponsoring another military whist drive in Hedley's hall on Saturday March 29th.

Miss Aletha Knudson visited at her home here last Sunday.

Mr. Floyd Fuder of Edmonton was a visitor in Irma last week end.

Mr. Chas. Wilbraham spent a few days in Edmonton this week on business.

Mrs. W. H. Osterhout will hold an auction sale at her residence, Irma, on March 28th. The articles for sale consist of a quantity of farm machinery and household goods. For further particulars see sale bills.

A farewell party on March 18th was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Howard, 9602, 73 Ave., Edmonton Alberta. In honor of L. Cpl. E. Sharkey of Irma, Alta. He was presented with a signed ring from the guests which were: Mrs. Verna Webb, Mr. and Mrs. A. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. R. Quinlan, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. A. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Quinlan, Miss Bessie Sharkey of Cranbrook, B.C., Mr. E. E. Sharkey, Irma, Alberta, Mr. Art Larson.

Whist drive in the Lodge hall on Saturday March 22nd. Good prizes, lunch served. Admission 25c each. Time 8:30. Auxiliaries L.O.B.A.

The regular meeting of the Rosemary and Alma Meter Ladies Aid will be held on Thursday, March 27, at the home of Mrs. George Yonker. Mrs. Longmire will have charge of devotionals and Mrs. W. Steel and Mrs. B. Oldham are assisting hostesses. Friends and neighbors are always welcome.

FOR SALE—One Massey Harris, 7 ft. disk with truck, one 4 h.p. Cushman engine, one De Laval number 12 cream separator. J. G. Rae, Irma. 21-28-4-11p

Truth in Advertising

Because we value the confidence of our customers more greatly than any other single asset we possess, we take particular pains to see that no hint of misunderstanding as to the quality or nature of our merchandise is permitted to creep into our advertising. We insist on the utmost accuracy and truthfulness in every line written in every illustration made. We are constantly on the alert to see that no lapse is permitted, that there is no glossing over or omission of certain definitely descriptive terms, or undue emphasis of others.

We believe that it is right and proper that you, as our customer, should know everything that we can tell you about the basic nature of the articles we offer for sale. Trained research experts are constantly at work checking and re-checking illustration and descriptive matter to see that misrepresentation does not occur. To make sure that you get a true picture of the article you contemplate purchasing.

If a garment is All-Wool, we say so. If it is not, we tell you what other fabric is contained in it. We say so. If an article is Silk, we say so, but if it contains even a minute quantity of Rayon, we would never describe it as silk, or even say that it is of quality or low silky appearance.

More and more people every year agree that "when an article is sold by a retailer, it is better to buy it at RAYON'S." We believe that this is the main reason for this feeling is our customers' confidence in the accuracy of the picture we present to them. And we are constantly aware that nothing shall disturb that confidence.

T. EATON CO. CANADA

WATCHIN' THE GAME

Into Ben's garage stormed a man of the road, He puffed like an adder and hopped like a toad.

"My old Lizzie is bust," he said to the clerk,

"She grunts and she groans and she's kicked of her skirt. New wheels in the back is the boss, tell me that.

For I can't run my bus with all tinea flat."

Said the clerk, "You come back when things are more quiet. For everything here is sure in a riot, Have a heart, have a heart, for I'm not to blame, He's down at the rink a-watchin' the game."

A man called Doc Greenberg one night for a pain, "I've got to have help" said the man, "or go lame.

And I've got to get out and mighty quick too, I've missed so much now that I'm all black and blue.

The wife has gone out and the nurse is in bed, If I don't get some help, I will soon be dead."

Then answered the doc, as he put on his hat,

"I think you'll get well on a bottle of that, But if you get worse and need more of the same, I'll be down at the rink a-watchin' the game."

Now the staid undertaker sat all alone,

With a smile on his face and his ear to the phone, "Some business" he mused, as he bustled about, For the message has been, "Old Bill has gone out."

So tied to Bill's door knob a big bunch of crepe, Sedately walked in and unrolled his tape, But there on the bed instead of the dead,

Lay a piece of cardboard, and from it he read:

"I got tired of waiting; stayin' dead is too tame, I'm down at the rink a-watchin' the game."

And as each old player steps out of the band, And crosses the river into that strange land, He'll think of the roarin' old game right away, And walk proudly up to St. Peter and say:

"I just came across and I'm looking up men That played hockey at Irma rink now and then.

You see, I played goal for my friend Frank Maguire, And it's for these old boys that I now enquire."

St. Peter will say as he points with his cane:

"They're all down at the rink a-watchin' the game."

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Visiting Brothers Always Welcome

IRMA L.O.L. No. 2886

Meets the last Monday in each month at 8 p.m.

Wor. Master R. H. Stone

Sec. Secretary James Stoad

Visiting Orangemen Always Welcome

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